

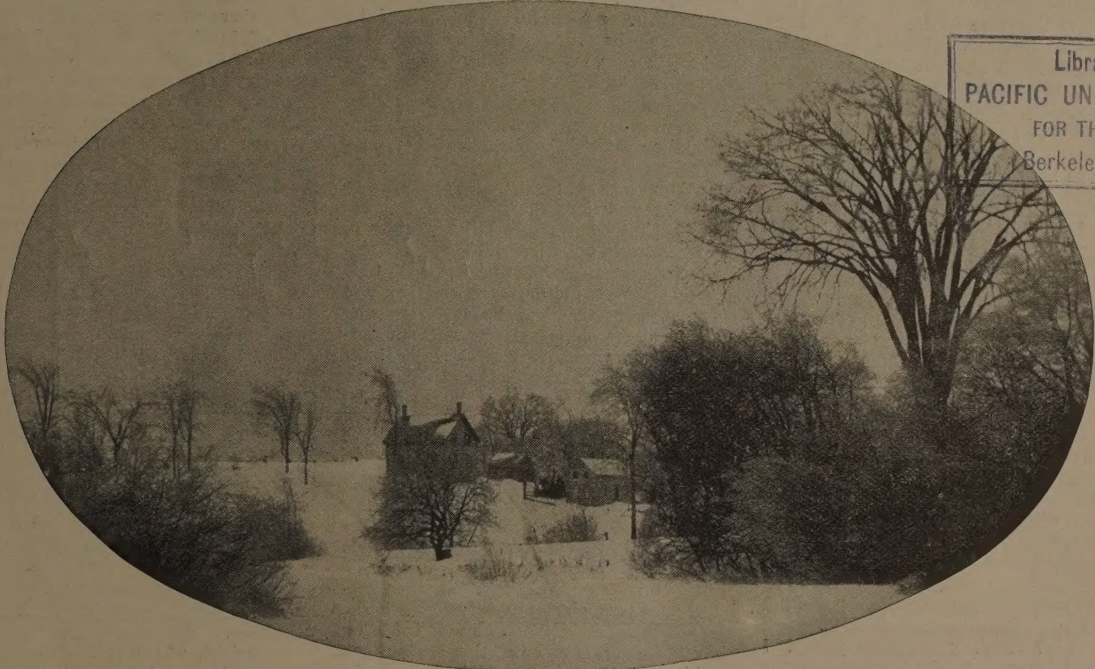
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 17



Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

"When apple trees stand deep in snow,
And the singing-birds are still."

The Snowbirds.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

WHEN the farmer's house is banked with boughs
Against the winter cold;
When the cattle rest beneath the mows,
And the lambs are in the fold;
When apple trees stand deep in snow,
And the singing-birds are still,—
I see the children stand in a row
By the kitchen window-sill.

For, when the wind in the chimney wails,
And the clouds hang thick and gray,
And low in heaven the white sun sails
Like a ship half drowned in spray,
They watch for the flocks that fly before
The driving snow squall comes,
That they may run to the open door
And scatter grain and crumbs.

And when, at last, the winds are still,
And the fields stretch white and far,
Again they stand by the window-sill,
And watch the evening star.
"Where are the snowbirds now?" they cry;
"Did they fly to the summer-land?"
But Mother softly makes reply:
"In the hollow of His hand."

Blessed are they who take God's gift of joy every hour as it comes, and who do not postpone the happiness of this life into the next one.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Young Carl of Rue Citronnelle.

BY F. H. SWEET.

THE 'Honduras' has arrived two days earlier than expected. Report at once. You will take twenty cars over the N. I. & N., via St. Louis to Cincinnati, where you will leave the cars as per instructions which will be handed you, and then go with the rest to Chicago."

The order was addressed to "Messenger 17," and the office boy who delivered it knew that 17 meant Carl Reuter, of Rue Citronnelle.

But Carl Reuter was just recovering from a severe attack of *la grippe*, brought on by exposure while delivering fifteen cars of bananas over the L. & N., to Atlanta, ten days before. A sudden blizzard had swept down upon them from the North-west, stalling the train with packed snow and lowering the thermometer forty degrees in twice as many minutes. The cars had been warmed as usual before leaving New Orleans, with the expectation that the great mass of fruit would generate enough heat of itself for later warmth. But the change had come too soon and been too great, and, in saving the fruit under his care, Messenger 17 had neglected to take care of himself. He had got back to New Orleans, made his report, been complimented on getting his fruit through the blizzard in good condition, and then had hurried home and to bed.

No steamer had come in since, and the "Honduras" was two days ahead of her time. Moreover, Carl had not a man who cared to

share his personal matters with the public. Even his illness was his own. So it happened that the company had not heard.

But twenty minutes after the order came Carl Reuter, aged seventeen, was hurrying into the office of the company on the wharf. A new man was at the desk.

"17, sir," began Carl, when the man, whose eyes were running down a page of a ledger before him, interrupted with:

"Oh, yes, I see, 17. You are Carl Reuter?"

"Yes, sir. My father"—

But the man was pushing an envelope toward him.

"There are your instructions. Now hurry. You're a much younger man than I imagined from what I've heard of you. But we'll let that go. No, no," as Carl tried to speak, "there is no time for talk now. Your cars are nearly ready, I suspect. We have half a thousand men down there emptying the steamer and loading the cars. The 'Honduras' brought in the largest and finest lot we ever had, and they're going to be rushed through to market. The agent told me to tell you messengers to be especially vigilant with your thermometers on this trip. Have them ripen or retard the bananas so they will reach the market in exactly the right condition. But of course you understand all this."

"Of course," Carl assented mechanically. Then, with evident anxiety, "My father is"—

"Never mind your father now," briskly. "You may tell me about him when you

come back. Your train is on the wharf, Track 3, forty cars, twenty of which will be in charge of Messenger 9, who will switch off at Corinth for Memphis. Get your section heated as rapidly as possible, and then remove the stoves. By the time you're through, the train will be ready to pull out, I think. Hustle! Oh, here is Messenger 9 now!"

A heavily bearded man stopped at the desk and took the envelope handed him, and listened to the same advice Carl had been given. Carl lingered, evidently hoping for a chance to finish what he had commenced to say; but more messengers were hurrying into the office, and the man at the desk motioned imperiously toward the wharf.

"Hurry along, 17," he ordered. "From what I've been told I supposed you one of the best men we have, but you must not loiter like this. You haven't any time to waste in getting your section ready."

Carl's lips tightened suddenly, and he walked rapidly down the wharf, overtaking the heavily bearded man as he was crossing in front of two puffing engines to Track 3. The man looked at him and nodded.

"Where's your father, Carl?" he asked. "Seems he and I are to be on the same train this time, at least as far as Corinth. I couldn't ask a better man on a rush trip like this is going to be."

"Father's sick," answered Carl. "I came down to see—to get his place. I've been watching with him the last four nights, sleeping a little when I could. But he's well enough now to look after himself until I get back."

"Sick?" with some surprise. "Why, I hadn't heard. And you're taking his place on this trip? Ain't you pretty young? I wouldn't have thought the company'd agree to it, they're so particular—though," hastily, "you're able all right, I think. You've been with your father so many trips, you know the ropes about as well as he. And you've got a cool, clear head. That's what counts in ripening fruit by thermometers. And still—well, you know yourself how the company is about young help. I've got a boy of your age that I hope to get into a messenger's job some day, but I've never expected to till he was twenty-five or more. You're lucky, that's all I've got to say. If you make this trip all right, you'll be on the books for steady runs before long."

Carl's face had grown hot and uncomfortable.

"You don't understand," he explained. "I—"

But a man down the track was looking at them and motioning. Messenger 9 hurried along.

"Well, I hope you'll have good luck—as of course you will," he called back over his shoulder. "We'll be too busy to see much of each other on the trip. I take the twenty end cars on account of switching off at Corinth. Yours are forward."

Until that moment Carl's head had been in a whirl. Events had followed each other so rapidly, so apparently beyond his personal option in the matter, that he had allowed himself to be borne on the current. Now he decided to let it go on. He had hurried down to explain about his father, and to see if he would not be allowed to fill the place. But from what he knew himself, and from what 9 had just said, he realized how slight was his chance. Perhaps even his father would be suspended for a time. The company

did not make much allowance for sickness or convalescence. Their work was too important.

But, as 9 had conceded, he understood the work, and he believed he could do it all right, and just now they were in special need of employment. His younger brother was in a hospital, awaiting an operation, and money must be had to meet expenses.

So he hurried down Track 3 to the end of his—or rather his father's—section of the train, and began a careful examination of the cars. Then he set about seeing they were properly heated. The mercury was down to 34 degrees, which was unusually cold for New Orleans, and twelve degrees lower than the messengers had started out at any previous time during the winter. Other messengers were giving their cars a little more heat than common, for it would be twelve to fifteen hours before the now cool bananas would begin to generate warmth of their own, and the freezing or even chilling of a train-load would mean the loss of a fortune. Carl gave his cars several degrees more than was customary, and then had the stoves removed and the doors closed. Even with an outside low temperature, the carefully built cars would then retain heat until the fruit began to generate some of its own. An hour later the train pulled out.

A cold wave had been predicted, but apparently some weather condition had stayed or swerved it in another direction. Before they were beyond the city limits the mercury commenced to rise, and, when the train rumbled through Meridan, it marked 60 degrees, and continued to go up.

Carl began to grow anxious. All his ventilators were now wide open, but the air in the cars was moist and stifling. Instead of being chilled, the danger now was that the bananas would overheat, which would be just as disastrous.

A messenger's duty is to see that his fruit gets into market in just the right condition. He must retard or advance the ripening by cold or heat, according to the condition of the fruit, the length of the trip, and other circumstances. He must know by a mere glance at a bunch of bananas how many degrees of heat will be required to ripen it in a prescribed number of hours; and, if he be a good messenger, he must be able to have his fruit in just the right condition when he reaches his destination, whether it be four days or fourteen. With refrigerator cars and ventilators, it is comparatively easy during summer to shift the thermometers to the requirements of the fruit, and even in winter, when it continues cold, there are the initial stoves and the generated warmth to depend upon; but, when an unexpected warm wave confronts a messenger in midwinter, he has little but the resources of his ingenuity to count on. Such a problem was now facing Carl. When they pulled into Corinth, the mercury was 70 degrees, and there was no air stirring. Another twenty-four hours like this, and he would scarcely get his fruit to Cincinnati, much less to Chicago.

Messenger 9 came to him as his section was being transferred to a train for Memphis. The weather report stated that it was twelve degrees warmer at Memphis than at Corinth, and 9 was looking perturbed. His market was only a short distance away now, but twelve more degrees meant an uncontrolled ripening of the fruit. It could not reach even that near market in prime condition—which was every messenger's ambition.

"I'm out and out sorry for you, Carl,"

said 9, sympathetically. "It's going to be tough on all the messengers, with such a special lot of fruit; but you'll have it worst. They assigned your father to the long Chicago run because he has the name of being the best man on the road; but for that very reason it'll be worse for you, being your first trip. You'll likely get some seconds to Cincinnati, but I'm afraid the Chicago ten cars won't pay the running cost over the railroads—that is, unless it turns cold within a few hours."

But there was no prospect of its turning cold. A hurried consultation of the weather bureau at Corinth showed that three or four more days of warm weather was predicted. It was warm all along the road from Cincinnati to Chicago. The only cool places in the country seemed to be in the mountains, about Chattanooga, up the Hudson, and west of the Rockies. Messenger 9 advised him to take the responsibility of selling the fruit at Corinth for what it would bring. That would save the company its total loss and transportation charges.

Carl was not ready for that, however. The consultation of the weather reports had already given his quick brain another idea, daring, but entirely possible, he thought. His cars would have to wait three hours at Corinth, to connect with a freight which pulled out directly behind the through express north. Carl utilized the first forty minutes of these three hours in developing his plan. He went straight to the office of the Southern Railway, whose branch ran from Corinth to Chattanooga, and there connected with the N. I. & N. for Cincinnati and Chicago.

"Wish to run your cars over our road?" asked the division superintendent, after listening to Carl's hurried request. "Yes, I reckon so. We'll couple them to the afternoon freight, which pulls out about dark. The morning freight leaves in about half an hour, and there isn't time to connect you with that. Besides, the train already has thirty-four cars, as much as the engine can carry up grade."

"But that's the very train I want to fasten to," urged Carl, impetuously. "You forget that I have an engine. Why can't we put the two ahead? They'll pull fifty-four cars all right, even up grade."

The superintendent nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, that might do," he said. "In fact, I think it will do very well. There's considerable snow up Chattanooga way, and two engines can plough through it better than one. But we'll have to hustle if we get you connected, for the train must pull out on time. There's another follows it forty minutes later."

They did hustle, and, when the train pulled out for Chattanooga, Carl's twenty cars formed part of it. Besides having all the ventilators open, each car had its door rolled back to let in every whiff of air possible. At Decatur the thermometer indicated 45 degrees, at Stevenson 34 degrees. Carl closed all the doors and partly closed the ventilators of the cars destined for Cincinnati. He was willing they should have a few more degrees of heat now, and he believed he saw the way to getting his fruit to both markets in prime condition. At Chattanooga the mercury registered 28 degrees, and all the ventilators were closed.

Eight days later Carl reported at the office on the company's wharf. The man at the desk listened to his explanation in grim silence, tapping the ledger with the head of his pencil occasionally.

(Continued at bottom of next page.)

Coasting Song.

BY ALMA NORTH TURNER.

OVER the hill and far away,
When school is ended and lessons
done;
Two and two, and one and one,
Running to share the mirth and fun,
At the close of the winter day!

Sunset crimson the sky and snow.
Over the hill, away, away!
Faster and faster, glad and gay,
Till we reach the pond with its shadows
gray,
And the sled begins to slow.

Over the hill and far away,
In the face of the north wind flying free,
Glad in the joyous world to be,
Dragging the good sled happily
Back with frolic and play.

Some one is calling: Suppertime's here!
One more slide before we go,
One last flight o'er the frosted snow.
The mellow moon is hanging low,
And evening tasks are near.

Over the hill and far away,
Old playmates call us, call us still!
Shall we forget youth's glow and thrill,
When the runners of steel sped down the
hill?
Not for many a day!

A Cinderella Party.

BY T. A. TEFFT.

SADIE and her mamma made the pretty things for the party. First they wrapped some tiny dolls and some shiny whistles in white tissue paper. Then they tied very long streamers of narrow orange ribbon to the parcels and wrapped the parcels around with cotton batting until they looked like a big round ball with the orange ribbons sticking out of the top.

Next they covered the big ball with orange crepe paper. They glued to the top a fat stem made of wire covered with cotton batting and wound with green crepe paper. They cut a door from black cardboard and glued it to the side. On the front they wired a black cardboard seat for a coachman and a seat that was longer at the back for the footman, and then they set the big paper pumpkin in the centre of the big party table on top of two black cardboard wheels with the long orange ribbons stretching out to the place where the party children were to sit.

There was a wonderful pumpkin coach all ready and waiting for a Cinderella! But where were the horses and the driver and the footmen?

Mamma opened a box of beautiful things from a toy shop. There were three fat, green frogs. They were only candy boxes; but no one would ever notice that, so one frog sat on the front seat of the pumpkin coach to drive, and two frogs sat on the back seat to be footmen. There were three sleek gray rats with long orange ribbon streamers: she tied the streamers to the frog driver's legs. He looked as if he could hardly hold the three frisky steeds.

Next? There had to be a fairy godmother, of course. She was a candy box, too; but no one would have guessed it, for she wore a tall hat and Sadie made her a scarlet crepe



"Faster and faster, glad and gay."

paper skirt and put a long wand with a star at the tip end of it in her hand. There stood the fairy godmother by the coach ready to touch the little cinder maid and turn her into a beautiful lady.

Sadie gathered twigs in the orchard, and she made a great many fairy godmothers, just like the real one, to stand at the party children's places. This is how she made them: A very straight twig was the body. A tiny ball of cotton batting covered with brown tissue paper was tied to the top of the twig for the fairy's head. The queer, wrinkled face was done with charcoal on the brown tissue paper, and the fairy godmothers were dressed in black crepe paper skirts glued to their twig bodies, white kerchiefs and white aprons, red paper capes and tall paper doll hats. Their skirts were made very full so they would stand alone, and they had little twig arms stuck inside their waists, and fringed crepe paper hands.

"Now we must make some pumpkin candlesticks," said mamma.

Each candlestick had three green cardboard leaves cut like the leaves in the pumpkin patch, and there were green wire tendrils fastening the leaves together. On top of the leaves was a tiny ice cup wound with cotton so that it was round and covered with orange crepe paper to look like a fat little pumpkin. The cup was carefully lined with asbestos paper, and a candle was set inside. Then there was no danger of fire.

Then mamma put some pretty candy boxes shaped like apples and pears and pumpkins at each place, and the party was ready, all but Cinderella.

When the candles were lighted for the party, there on the table, at the door of the coach, stood Cinderella! She was a beautiful little doll in a white lace dress all stars and ribbons and spangles and fluffiness.

Why, there never was such a party! And when all the lemonade was gone and the ice cream was eaten, each party child pulled hard at his very own orange ribbon. The pumpkin coach broke, and out came the tiny dolls and the shiny whistles!

Sunday-school News.

THE First Congregational Sunday school of Providence, R.I., offers a normal course during the winter to Unitarian Sunday-school teachers in and near that city. The class meets once each week, either on Friday or Saturday, from October 31 to December 6 and from January 3 to March 7. The subjects to be treated are: "General Sunday-school Management," "Child Psychology," "Hand-work in the Sunday School," "Old Testament History," "Prophecy, Poetry, and Drama," and "The Old Testament in Practical Use in the Sunday School."

At the Harvest Service at Rowe, Mass., tableaux were given by members of the school representing three well-known pictures: "The Sower," Millet; "Charity," Thayer; "The Angelus," Millet. A verse from *The Beacon* was given in concert by the entire school; there were recitations by several children; and two of the boys gave excellent statements of the spirit and aim of the school, and gleanings from its work.

(Continued from preceding page.)

"It's something very unusual," he said, when Carl finished, "very unusual, and—er, reprehensible, running our cars about the country in a wild way like that. Ordinarily it would mean dismissal from our service—permanent discharge. But—er," his face relaxing somewhat, "under the circumstances, and in view of the fact that you had the longest run and are the only messenger who got his fruit into market in prime condition, we will say no more about it—except that we have put your name on our books for regular runs. I hope your father will be well enough to make his trip when the next boat comes in. We do not like to spare good men. And, oh, yes," as Carl was turning away with shining eyes, "the cashier has a little recognition for you from the company. You may stop at his window as you go by."

THE BEACON.

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If You Look.

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY.

"If the day be dark and dreary,
Look for sunshine;
If you're sad and weary,
Look for sunshine;
You will find a path of blue
Where the sunbeams sparkle through,
If you look for sunshine."

THE scientist with his compound microscope peers into the depths of a drop of water: he is LOOKING for something. Perhaps he is testing the water for a man who wishes to advertise the fact that he has a wonderful spring with medicinal properties contained therein. This scientist is LOOKING for those properties and he finds them.

The doctor—another type of scientist—examines a drop of water: typhoid fever has suddenly become epidemic in the community. He, too, is looking carefully; but his attention is centred on finding the germs that are endangering the health of the community.

But do not think for a moment that the doctor is content to advertise the presence of those germs! Not for a single second! He will work quietly but tirelessly until he can counteract the effects of the deadly typhoid and destroy the germs; then he will advertise the fact that the community is again in good standing in "Healthville".

You can readily see that it is all in the looking, and how our dispositions are in this world depends likewise upon what we are looking for in life. If we look for the things that are pleasant, the things that are good, the things that "boom" life, we shall be happy and smiling and care-free the greater part of the time; but, if we look for the "germs" that disturb the peace of mind, body, and business (especially of other people), we shall be working under such a nervous strain that we shall tire and become worried and soon become completely worn out.

Few of us are fitted to be doctors with the right antidotes to be applied when ills come upon us, and the result is that, when we do attempt to do our own curing, we often fret over mere trifles that amount to absolutely nothing when left to care for themselves. Therefore, when the day is dark and dreary, why not LOOK for something to take our minds off the cause of the darkness and dreariness and see if the sky will not clear up some; if we do feel sad and weary, why not read a funny story or turn to some little amusement that will make us cheer up? That's the best way—isn't it?

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

This letter, telling of a common cause for Thanksgiving, reached the editor on the eve of Thanksgiving day, and gave her an added reason to be thankful:

NEW LONDON, CONN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would so much like to become a Beacon Club member, and hope soon to enter into the contests.

We Beacon readers all have one thing in common to be thankful for this Thanksgiving. That is, that we have such a lovely paper as *The Beacon*.

There are two girls in our Sunday school who have been there every day for two years. Isn't that fine? The younger is only six years old. Quite a few have been there every Sunday in a year. We all so enjoyed your visit here and hope you will soon return.

Sincerely yours,

GENEVIEVE BULLOCK.

Letters from two brothers, who together made an enigma for our Recreation Corner, will interest our readers:—

COHASSET, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I read *The Beacon* and like it very much, especially the continued stories.

I have not passed all my tests to be a Scout, but by the time I am twelve I will be one. We went on a hike Saturday, and it was full of adventure. In one place we had to wade through water ankle-deep. I am eleven years of age. Hoping to become a member of the Beacon Club, I am

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM R. COLE, JR.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 5, 6, 10, 1, is a girl's name.

My 3, 4, 8, 7, is to worry.

My 12, 2, 11, is artfully cunning.

My 13, 9, is a preposition.

My 1, 14, is an adjective.

My whole is a noted poet.

CAROL L. MASSECK.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, children are not fond of.

My 15, 16, 17, 18, is pleasant to smell.

My 19, 2, is a musical syllable.

My 20, 2, 4, is used in the garden.

My 1, 21, 3, 18, is not polite.

My 9, 10, 11, is the name of a dog.

My 12, 13, 14, is a boy's nickname.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is very strong.

My whole is a character in the "Lady of the Lake."

HELEN ESTABROOK.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL.

When the words described are rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a Canadian city.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A province of Canada. 2. A Mexican city where a battle was fought in 1846. 3. The capital of a country of South America. 4. The capital of a country of South Africa. 5. A Belgian village that gave its name to a famous battle. 6. A seaport of Scotland. 7. A large bay in Lake Huron. 8. A country of Western Europe.

RUTH BROWNE,
in *St. Nicholas*.

A CHARADE.

My first is company.

My second shuns company.

My third calls company.

My whole entertains company.

HERMANN HOWARD.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER.

COHASSET, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have been enjoying *The Beacon* so much and have been reading the story, "Washed up on Silver Ledge." I have been wishing *The Beacon* would come more often. My brother and I are sending in an enigma. I would very much like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am nine years old.

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN M. COLE.

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—We have started a Beacon Club, and I like to go very much. We are doing puzzles. I will send one in some time before Christmas day. We meet every other Saturday, and we are making some caps, weaving them in and out. We have only met three Saturdays now. We bobbed for apples after we finished work, and then it was time to go home. Another day we played games, one of them was "What's your ship loaded with?"

I like the Unitarian Sunday school very much. I take great pleasure reading *The Beacon*. I like to take the poems out and save them. This Sunday we had exercises for Thanksgiving. We had some recitations, and then a song by one of the lower classes.

Yours sincerely,

DORIS HOLROYD.

(Age 13.)

BROOKFIELD, MASS.

My dear Editor,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school of Brookfield. I like our minister, Mr. Walsh, very much. In our Sunday school if you go for a year, you get a solid gold pin of your own, and every year you get, first, a pin, then a wreath, then a bar, then another bar, then a star. I have had a perfect attendance for four years and several others have also. I shall be ten years old in February. I wish to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

HENRY L. MELLEN.

A STATE ACROSTIC.

1. A New England State.
2. To change.
3. A country in Asia.
4. A river god.
5. To efface.

S. E. L. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXXI.—Golden Gate.

ENIGMA XXXII.—Battle of Gettysburg.

A COUNTRY DINNER.—1. Turkey. 2. Dressing.

3. Ham. 4. Sausage. 5. Catsup. 6. Horse Radish.

7. Picca-lilli. 8. Gems. 9. Butter. 10. Pie.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group VI. Must be received before Feb. 1, 1914.

1. Story or Essay: "The Unexpected Guest."

2. Verse: "Our Flag," or "My Country."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group VII. Must be received before March 1.

1. Story or Essay: "A Spring Party."

2. Verse: "Pussy-Will-O."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group VIII. Must be received before April 1.

1. Story or Essay: "By Wireless."

2. Verse: "In Springtime."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I Earned my First Dollar."

2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.